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THE

# DUEL:

A

# POEM.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

## W——— P———y, Eſq;

*Quem Virum, aut Heroa, Lyra, vel acri*
*Tibia ſumes celebrare, Clio?*

HOR. Lib. I. Od. XII.

*Whate'er Aſſiſtance He hath Power to bring,*
*T' oblige his* COUNTRY, *or to ſerve his* KING;
*Whene'er they call, He'll readily afford*
*His* Tongue, *his* Pen, *his* Counſel, *or his* Sword.

POMFRET'S Choice.

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# AN EPISTLE to, &c.

FORGIVE the daring Raſhneſs of the Muse,
At leaſt the Failing of a Friend excuſe;
Can we the Danger of a *P---y* learn,
Our Breaſts unpierc'd, with tendereſt Concern?
*P---y*, who makes the Publick Cauſe his Care,
The Friend to *All*, ſhould ſure to *All* be dear.

Honour, 'tis certain, is the greateſt Good,
And Life without it were a wretched Load;
A Load, a gen'rous Mind would ſure diſdain,
Rather than wear it ſully'd with a Stain:
Yet ſtill a juſt Regard to Life is due,
And that Regard is multiply'd to You.
So much the Patriot to his Country owes,
He cannot freely of his Life diſpoſe:

On

On Thee the *Britiſh* Liberties depend,
Their firmeſt Champion, and their ableſt Friend;
No more then in the Cauſe of Party-Strife,
Expoſe at once thy Country and thy Life.
Ev'n Fame at ſuch a Price forbear to buy,
Nor riſque the publick Safety--'gainſt a Toy.

Think not we ſlight thy Courage or thy Arm,
When from ſo weak a Foe, we dreaded harm;
*P----y* ſo much is to his Country dear,
That as we all things hope, we all things fear;
But moſt that gen'rous, that too ardent Fire,
(Fortune and Chance againſt the Good conſpire:)
Small Force can ſhorten Life's uncertain Date,
Such was the great *Achilles'* hapleſs Fate:
Whom *Hector*'s Manly Courage could not quell,
By the weak Arm of feeble *Paris* fell.

Each Party-Pique is made by ſecret Mines,
The Stale, for perpetrating black Deſigns:
The private Murd'rer is with Danger hir'd,
The Brave, by little Arts are quickly fir'd:
Aſſaſſination wears a barb'rous Name,
Rencounter does the Thing, and hides the Shame.

Remember

Remember *Hamilton* and Gallant *Mohun*,
Who Victims fell to Quarrels not their own;
Think on the Hand that puſh'd that Murder on,
Nor think it baſe---his future Arts to ſhun.

Not that I'd hint this in the preſent Caſe,
*H----y*'s a Soul that could not be ſo baſe;
A Flight of Temper and unguarded Youth,
Perhaps ſeduc'd him from the Paths of Truth:
Warn'd by th' Event, he may again return,
Repent his Errors, and his Follies mourn;
At leaſt his Wounds the Marks of Honour are,
And all its Marks he, in that Cauſe, can wear.

O *P----y!* let thy generous Soul deſpiſe
Theſe little Arts, on which the Foe relies;
Thy Boſom glowing with a Patriot Flame,
Go on to vindicate the *Britiſh* Fame:
Let every honeſt Heart, with Pleaſure view,
*Rome*'s God-like *Cato*, live again in you:
Like his, thy Nervous Eloquence is ſtrong,
(Tho' bleſt with all the Sweets of *Tully*'s Tongue;)
Like him, the Patron of the Publick Cauſe;
Like him, the Aſſertor of our Ancient Laws;

Like him, on Thee thy Country's Hope's repos'd;
Like him, by Faction and by Power oppos'd.

O *Cæſar!* I forbear the Injury!
To name my Heroes oppoſite with thee:
That were with more than *Caſſius'* Rage to ſwell,
And give a deeper Wound, than that by which you fell.

Our gallant Anceſtors diſdain'd a Yoke,
They freely acted, as they freely ſpoke;
Famous for Virtues of ſevereſt Mould;
Their Iron they us'd--and were averſe to Gold:
Of honeſt Hearts---and of rough manly Senſe,
Curſe on thoſe poliſht Arts that drove them hence:
That to Corruption gave a ſofter Name;
Tho' gilt the Pill, the Poiſon ſtill the ſame.
Since then, the *Britiſh* Glory has declin'd,
Our Manners ſoften'd, as we grew refin'd:
'Till in the preſent Age we are ſo polite,
Each ancient Virtue ſeems forgotten quite:
Our Honour, Country, every thing is ſold,
And all things he may purchaſe who has Gold.

Hence is our Wonder, when we gaze on you,
A *L-wſ-n*, *R--ſb-t*, or a *W-ndh-m* view.
*Britain*, alas, is ſunk to that Degree,
A Patriot is become a Prodigy:
O think how few that glorious Name deſerve,
And for thy Country's Sake, thy Life preſerve!

Tho' Laurel Wreaths the Conqu'ror's Temples grace,
The Patriot's Virtues claim the juſter Place;
Can we diſpute who moſt Applauſe ſhould find,
They who deſtroy, or they who ſave Mankind?
Miſled by Cuſtom, we ſuch Trophies raiſe,
To *Cæſar*'s, and to *Alexander*'s Praiſe;
Were ruin'd Nations, or were ſlaughter'd Kings,
Such glorious Actions, or ſuch worthy Things?
What Numbers did their thirſty Swords devour,
Thro' Rage of Empire, and thro' Luſt of Power?
Shall theſe with *Phocion* equal Honours ſhare?
With *Cato*, and with *Tully*, theſe compare!
Heroes, who of Mankind deſerv'd ſo well,
Who for their Country fought, and with it fell:
From juſteſt Motives they their Glory claim,
Eternal Honours, and a deathleſs Name;
Succeeding Ages owe their Memory,
For all thoſe Virtues, which now ſhine in Thee.

Grandeur and Pomp attract an idle Gaze,
But loſe all Power wherever Wiſdom ſways;
Names never ſtrike, but on the feeble Mind,
'Tis Virtue only dignifies Mankind;
'Tis that alone can juſt Reſpect obtain,
Without it Title's loſt, and Ribbon's vain;
The Crowd, that on the Courtier Chief attends,
Of Sycophants compos'd, and not of Friends;
Who on his Power, not on his Perſon wait,
Meer empty Shew, the Pageantry of State:
Makes each impartial Eye this Difference ſee,
'Twas Fortune made him Great--thy Merit, Thee.

O *P---y!* could the Muſe with equal Lays,
In ſhining Verſe thy various Virtues praiſe;
Sweet as thy Accents, then ſhould flow my *Song*,
My nervous Thoughts, be as thy Reaſoning ſtrong;
And every great Perfection that is thine,
Transfus'd into my Verſe ſhould now be mine.
Theſe Lines, which as they are, muſt ſoon expire,
Should then deſpiſe the Rage of Time and Fire;
The Perfect Poem ſtand ſecure of Fame,
And be immortal, as thy deathleſs Name.

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*F I N I S.*